

MYSTERY

TALES OF *HORROR* AND SUSPENSE!

mister

MYSTERY

SEPT '52



10c

No. 7

MORTELLARO

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

MOROCOCCUS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

PITYROSPORUM
OVALE

MICROBACILLUS

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing
known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's *better* than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! ©Ward Laboratories Inc., 1430 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE!

Ward Laboratories Inc.,
1430 Broadway, Dept. 610Q-W New York 18, N.Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you **GUARANTEE** refund of **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Some refund offer holds, of course. APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign add 50c per CODs.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

MISTER MYSTERY. Vol. 1, No. 7, September, 1952 • Published bi-monthly by Aragon Magazines, Inc., 940 Broadway, New York 10, New York. Yearly subscription rates 40¢, single copies 10¢. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright © 1952 by Aragon Magazines, Inc. No actual person is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Printed in the U. S. A.

SCALP ITCH
FALLING
HAIR

DANDRUFF

HEAD
ODORS

Proof!

We get letters
like these
every day
from grateful
men and
women all
over the
world.

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Portola, Cal. I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **Double Your Money Back** unless you actually **SEE, FEEL and ENJOY** all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

SEAL

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

THE BRAIN-BATS OF VENUS



THERE ARE SOME
PLANETS ON WHICH
MAN SHOULD NEVER
SET FOOT! TWO
EARTHMEN FOUND THAT
OUT --- TOO LATE!

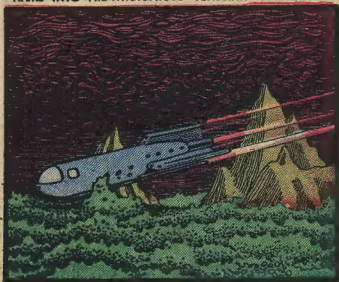
YOUR SPACESHIP IS OUT OF CONTROL OVER VENUS, ROD CRENSHAW! WITHIN A FEW MINUTES YOU AND YOUR PILOT PARTNER, REESE BITNER, WILL PROBABLY BE DEAD ON THE UNCHARTED PLANET YOU HAVE COME TO EXPLORE!

THE SHIP SCREAMS DOWN THRU THE THICK CLOUDS, AND RAMS INTO THE MYSTERIOUS VENUSIAN JUNGLE!...



A METEOR MUST HAVE HIT
THE RUDDER! SHE WON'T
SWING AROUND!

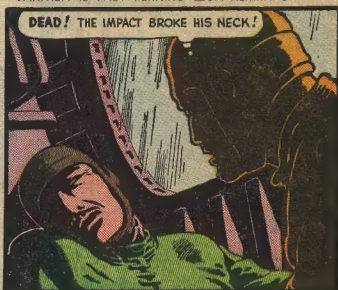
IF IT DOESN'T TURN
PRETTY QUICK, THEN
THIS IS IT, ROD!



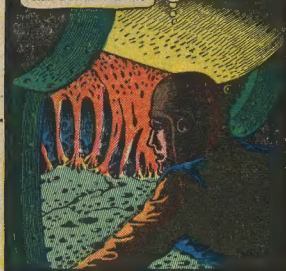
YOU COME OUT OF YOUR UNCONSCIOUSNESS. ALL IS DEATHLY STILL! BUT DEATH HASN'T CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, CRENSHAW, ---NOT YET! YOU STARE OUTSIDE....



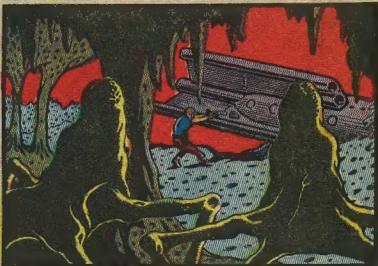
THEN YOU LOOK DOWN,-- AND YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR PARTNER IS PAST HEARING YOUR REMARKS!...



I CAN'T STAY HERE! IF I CAN MAKE REPAIRS, MAYBE I CAN GET THE SHIP GOING AGAIN!



YOU VENTURE OUTSIDE AND FIND THE CRAFT HASN'T SERIOUSLY BEEN DAMAGED IN THE CRASH LANDING. AS YOU SET ABOUT REPAIRING THE FAULTY RUDDER THAT BROUGHT YOU DOWN, YOU DON'T NOTICE THAT YOU ARE BEING WATCHED!....

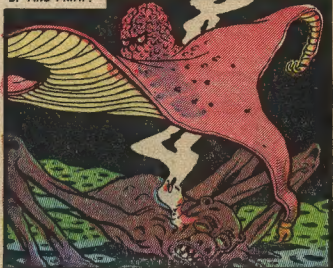


AS YOU FINISH YOUR JOB, STRANGE CREATURES CLOSE IN ON YOU!

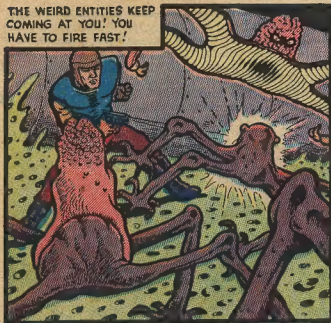
GREAT GALAXIES! TWO SETS OF EYES!



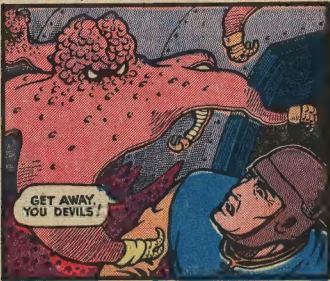
YOU SHOOT THE NEAREST ONE! ITS UPPER PAIR OF EYES, SET IN A LUMP THAT RESEMBLES A BRAIN, DETACHES ITSELF FROM THE MAIN BODY AND FLAPS UP AND AWAY!



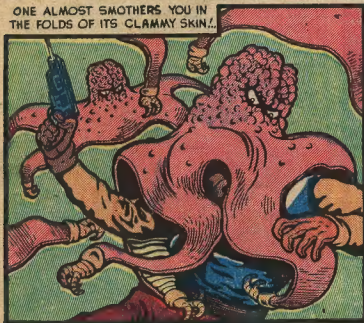
THE WEIRD ENTITIES KEEP
COMING AT YOU! YOU
HAVE TO FIRE FAST!



YOU MAKE FOR THE OPEN AIRLOCK DOOR, BUT THE
BAT-LIKE BRAIN THINGS FLUTTER UP FROM THE BODIES
YOU'VE SHOT, AND SWARM DOWN ON YOU!



ONE ALMOST SMOTHERS YOU IN
THE FOLDS OF ITS CLAMMY SKIN...



...BUT YOU MANAGE TO TEAR IT LOOSE, LEAP
INSIDE AND CLOSE THE DOOR!



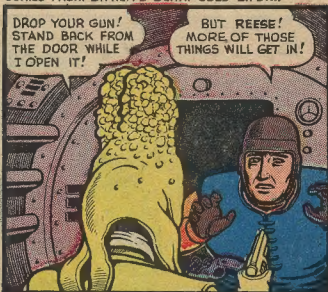
BUT ARE YOU SAFE,
CRENSHAW? JUST
LOOK BEHIND YOU!



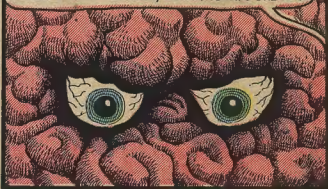
YES-- IT'S BITNER, YOUR DEAD
PARTNER-- REVIVED LIKE A
ZOMBIE BY THE GREAT MENTAL
POWER OF THE BRAIN-BAT THAT
HIS SLIPPED IN TO TAKE OVER
HIS BRAIN AND BODY!



YOU HARDLY RECOGNIZE THE EERIE VOICE THAT COMES FROM BITNER'S DEATH-COLD LIPS....



OF COURSE! YOU ARE SPEAKING TO ONE OF THEM-- NOT TO REESE! I NOW HAVE GREATER MENTAL AND PHYSICAL FACILITIES BY REVIVING AND TAKING OVER HIS MIND AND BODY! WE WILL RETURN TO YOUR PLANET WITH A CARGO OF OUR KIND! THEN WE CAN ATTACH OURSELVES TO OTHERS OF YOUR KIND-- A GREAT IMPROVEMENT OVER LIVING ATTACHED TO STUPID VENUSIAN CREATURES! AND AFTER I OPEN THE DOOR, YOU WILL BECOME ONE OF US!



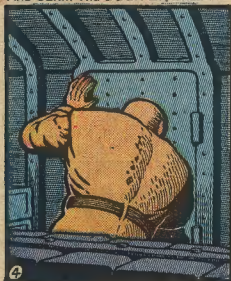
YOU WATCH IN HORROR AS THE
BRAIN-BATS FLAP INSIDE!....



IN THE CONFUSION YOU DIVE FOR THE GUN YOU'VE DROPPED ON THE FLOOR -- THEN RACE TO THE SHIP'S STERN! THE BRAIN-BATS PURSUE YOU! BITNER IS AFRAID TO FIRE LEST HE HIT THE BRAIN-BATS.....



YOU BEAT THEM OFF, LEAP INSIDE
A FOOD STORAGE COMPARTMENT
AND SLAM THE DOOR ON THEM!



THAT WAS A STUPID MOVE,
CRENSHAW! YOU'LL DIE IN THERE!
THEN I'LL TEAR THIS DOOR
DOWN, AND ONE OF US WILL TAKE
OVER YOUR BODY! IT WOULD
BE BETTER FOR YOU TO COME
OUT NOW AND JOIN US!



YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT!
I'LL NOT WILLINGLY
BECOME A WALKING
DEAD MAN!



SOON YOU HEAR AND FEEL THE ROAR OF ROCKETS! YOU BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE TAKE-OFF SHOCK!



WE'RE BLASTING FREE!

BITNER IS AT THE CONTROLS NOW! THIS COULD BE MY CHANCE TO OPEN THE DOOR A CRACK AND START MOWING DOWN THOSE DEVILS!



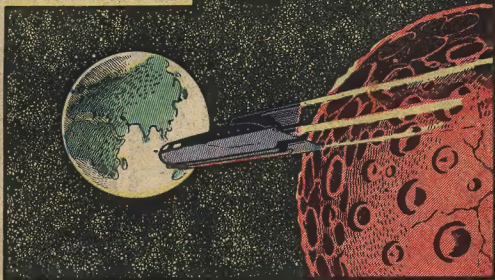
IT WON'T BUDGE! THAT MEANS HE'S BARRED THE DOOR ON THE OUTSIDE!



TRAPPED! AND IT'LL BE DAYS BEFORE WE GET BACK TO EARTH! I'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT --OR ELSE!



THE HOURS AND DAYS DRAG MISERABLY ON AS THE SHIP STREAKS BACK TO EARTH WITH ITS DIABOLIC CARGO....



MEANWHILE, THERE'S PLENTY TO EAT IN THE FOOD TINS-- BUT NO WATER!



I- I CAN'T HOLD ON--MUCH LONGER-- WITHOUT-- WATER--

IT HASN'T OCCURRED TO YOU UNTIL THAT MOMENT THAT ONE OF THOSE CONDUITS RIGGED ALONG THE WALL CARRIES WATER! FEVERISHLY YOU BLAST AT IT WITH YOUR GUN....



FINALLY IT SPRINGS A LEAK, AND YOU GULP THE TINY STREAM OF PRECIOUS LIQUID!



MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY REFRESHED, YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE THAT THERE IS A WAY TO THWART THE BRAIN-BATS!



YOU ARE SO WEAKENED FROM YOUR SEASON WITHOUT WATER THAT YOU FALL ASLEEP. WHEN YOU WAKE UP, YOU SEE THRU THE LITTLE PORTHOLE THAT THE SHIP IS ENTERING EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE SHELL!....



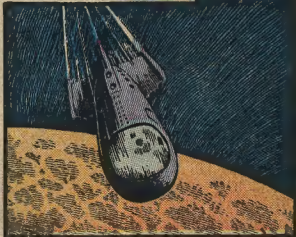
HURRIEDLY YOU TRAIN YOUR GUN ON THE OTHER CONDUIT LINE....



BUT PERHAPS IT ISN'T AS SIMPLE AS YOU THOUGHT. THE GUN FUEL IS RUNNING LOW, AND THE FLAME BITES VERY SLOWLY INTO THE HEAVY PIPE....



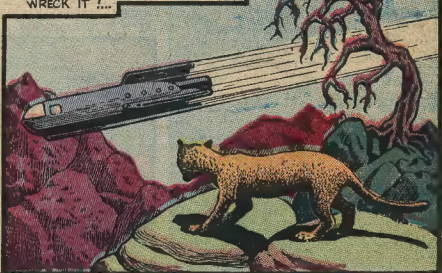
YOU LOOK OUT TO SEE THAT EARTH'S SURFACE IS ONLY ABOUT 200 MILES AWAY! IS THERE ENOUGH TIME LEFT TO CUT THAT CONDUIT AND THE ELECTRIC LINE INSIDE IT THAT RUNS BACK TO THE MOTORS POWERING THE RUDDERS?



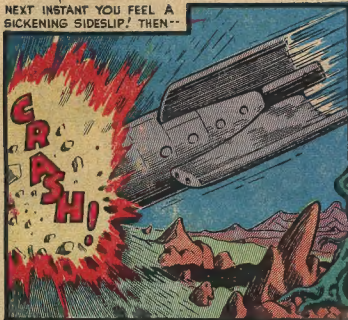
LITTLE BY LITTLE THE WANING GUN FLAME MELTS THE PIPE -- THEN BORES INTO THE CABLE, AND--



BY NOW THE SHIP HAS ALREADY SMOOTHED OUT FOR A LANDING! PERHAPS IT'S TOO LATE TO WRECK IT!....



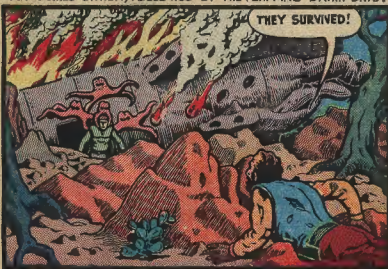
NEXT INSTANT YOU FEEL A
SICKENING SIDESLIP! THEN--



OBVIOUS TO YOUR CUTS AND BRUISES, YOU
SCRAMBLE THRU YOUR BROKEN PORTHOLE AND
CRAWL AS SWIFTLY AS YOU CAN AWAY FROM
THE CRAFT!



YOU TURN TO SEE FLAMES BELCHING FROM IT! THIS, YOU
THINK TRIUMPHANTLY, IS THE FIERY COFFIN OF THE BRAINBATS!
BUT-- TO YOUR HORROR-- YOU SEE THE SHIP'S DOOR OPEN!
OUT COMES BITNER, FOLLOWED BY THE FLAPPING BRAIN-BATS!



THEY COME TOWARD YOU! YOU LIE AS
THOUGH COLLAPSED--THEN WHIP UP YOUR
GUN, AND WITH PRACTICALLY THE LAST
GOOD SPURT OF FLAME LEFT IN IT, BLAST
THE BRAIN-BAT ATOP BITNER'S HEAD!...



AT ALMOST THE SAME
MOMENT THE SHIP EXPLODES!



WHEN YOUR SENSES
BEGIN TO CLEAR, YOU
SOMEHOW FIND
YOURSELF HOPING
THAT SOME OF THE
BRAIN-BATS ESCAPED
THE EXPLOSION!...

I SHOULDN'T HAVE
TRIED TO DESTROY
THEM! I MUST HAVE
BEEN OUT OF MY
MIND!



THEN COMES THE
REALIZATION
THAT YOU, ROD
CRENSHAW,
DIED IN THE
BLAST--AND
THAT THE THOUGHTS
NOW COURSEING
THRU YOUR
REVIVED BRAIN
ARE THOSE OF
A BRAIN-BAT
THAT ESCAPED
THE BLAST
--A ZOMBIE!



THE END

LAST CHANCE AT THIS LOW PRICE!

LIFETIME CHRONOGRAPH STOPWATCH—WINDOW CALENDAR WRIST-WATCH PRECISION JEWEL

Comes with Handsome Matching Expansion Band AT NO EXTRA COST! WEAR AND ENJOY This Watch on

DATE CHANGES EVERY DAY
Auto-matically

10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

This Swiss-Precision Watch is Also a

- **TACHOMETER:** Measures speeds of moving objects.
- **TELEMETER:** Measures distance between points.
- and
- **12 HOUR RECORDER**

It's Also **SHOCK-RESISTANT and ANTI-MAGNETIC**



Check These Features!

THESE HIGH PRICE FEATURES USUALLY OFFERED IN WATCHES SELLING AT \$50.00 or MORE

- Precision Made, Imported Swiss Jeweled Movement.
- 3-Push Buttons for "Stop" and "Start."
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- Chronograph, Window Calendar and Stopwatch All-in-One.
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- Shock-Resistant and Anti-Magnetic.
- Handsome, Matching Expansion Wristband.

How-to-use, complete instructions plus 1-Year Guarantee and Lifetime Service Guarantee included.

ONE-YEAR GUARANTEE

A sensational bargain! Don't miss it — or you may be too late! You have always wanted a watch with these expensive features. Now you can have them AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD! This accurate, precision-made Window Calendar Chronograph is ideal for the members of our Armed Services, for sportsmen, doctors, photographers, engineers, technicians, executives, etc. And as for gifts... it's A PERFECT GIFT FOR EVERY OCCASION, such as Graduation, Birthday, Anniversary, Holiday, etc. SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail coupon below for 10-Day FREE TRIAL. Do it now, before supply is exhausted!

ONLY \$8⁹⁵
plus 10% Fed. Tax

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Be sure to order this amazing Chronograph Stopwatch—Window Calendar Wrist-Watch WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS! Use it—and ENJOY IT—for 10 full days. If this wonderful combination timepiece isn't everything we say it is, return it for immediate refund of your purchase price. Don't take a chance on being disappointed... mail FREE-TRIAL Coupon NOW!

BUYER'S GUILD, Inc., Woodbridge, N. J., Dept. 5404

MAIL FREE-TRIAL COUPON TODAY!

BUYER'S GUILD, Inc., Dept. 7109
Woodbridge, New Jersey

Send _____ Chronograph Watch(es) at \$8.95 plus 90c Fed. Tax each. Will pay postman bargain price, plus postage. If not completely satisfied may return Watch within 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price.

Name _____

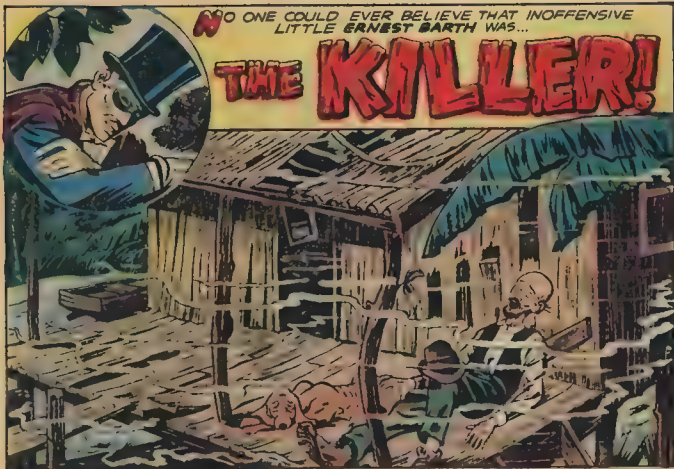
Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

☐ SAVE POSTAGE! Send \$9.85 (includes Fed. Tax) and we pay postage. Same 10-Day Free Trial and Money-Back Guarantee.

NO ONE COULD EVER BELIEVE THAT INOFFENSIVE
LITTLE ERNEST BARTH WAS...

THE KILLER!



JOHN HACKMAN WAS A BIG MAN, IN PHYSIQUE AND INFLUENCE. HE OWNED A GREAT CYPRESS SWAMP, A CYPRESS MILL AND LUMBER YARD, AND HE OWNED THOUSANDS OF ACRES WHERE HE COULD HUNT AT WILL...



MOST OF ALL, HACKMAN OWNED HIS EMPLOYEES, AND OF ALL EMPLOYEES, HE OWNED ERNEST BARTH, HIS BOOKKEEPER, MOST...

LOOK, ERNEST! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL? DON'T YOU WISH YOU'D GONE WITH ME TODAY?

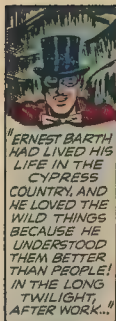
OH, NO, MR. HACKMAN! PLEASE DON'T ASK ME TO! I... I WOULDN'T LIKE TO, REALLY!



HA-HA-HA! NO-NO-NO! I'LL NEVER GET ENOUGH OF YOUR SQUEAMISHNESS, ERNEST! SOME DAY I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU GO OUT SHOOTING WITH ME!

YOU'RE CERTAINLY A RIOT, MR. HACKMAN! ERNIE WOULD DIE IF HE EVER HAD TO STEP ON AN ANT!





"ERNEST BARTH HAD LIVED HIS LIFE IN THE CYPRESS COUNTRY, AND HE LOVED THE WILD THINGS BECAUSE HE UNDERSTOOD THEM BETTER THAN PEOPLE! IN THE LONG TWILIGHT, AFTER WORK..."



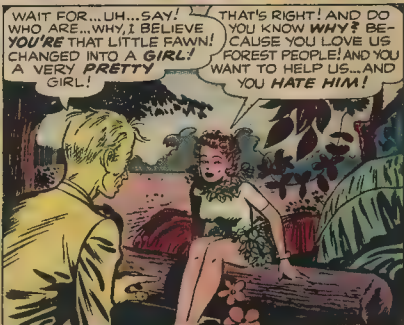
WHY'D HE WANT TO KILL YOU FOLK? YOU NEVER DO HIM ANY HARM! I THINK I **HATE** HIM...I'M **SURE** I DO!



SUDDENLY A NEW CREATURE APPEARED ON THE SCENE...
HELLO! SAY, I BELIEVE YOU'RE ACTUALLY SMILING AT ME!



HEY, DON'T RUN AWAY... PLEASE DON'T RUN AWAY!



WAIT FOR...UH...SAY! WHO ARE...WHY, I BELIEVE **YOU'RE** THAT LITTLE FAWN! A **VERY PRETTY GIRL!**

THAT'S RIGHT! AND DO YOU KNOW **WHY?** BECAUSE YOU LOVE US FOREST PEOPLE! AND YOU WANT TO HELP US...AND YOU **HATE** HIM!



COME CLOSER...



THE ELFIN KISS WAS LIKE THE TOUCH OF A FAIRY'S WAND, FOR IT BROUGHT THE WHOLE WOODS TO LIFE BEFORE ERNEST BARTH'S EYES...

HE COMES HERE AND WRECKS OUR LIVES! HE KILLS US AND TAKES OUR BODIES AWAY AND WE NEVER SEE OUR LOVED ONES AGAIN! IF YOU LOVE US, AS YOU HAVE OFTEN SAID, YOU COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

I WILL DO SOMETHING! I'LL KILL HIM... THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!



"WHEN THE SPELL... OR CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL... LEFT ERNEST BARTH, HE WAS HORRIFIED TO FIND HIMSELF GOING UP THE DRIVEWAY TO HACKMAN'S HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!"

WHAT AM I DOING? HERE WITH THIS... THIS KNIFE! I WAS GOING TO KILL JOHN HACKMAN!



ERNEST BARTH RAN HOME AND CLIMBED INTO BED. BUT NO SLEEP CAME TO HIM THAT NIGHT...

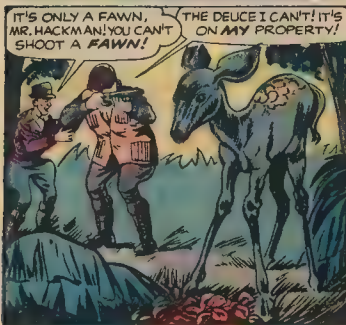
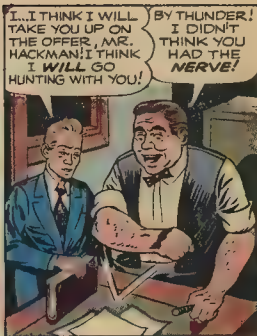
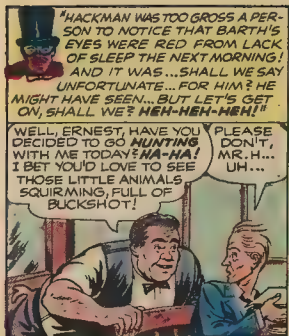
NO! NO, I DIDN'T! BUT... I CANNOT MURDER JOHN HACKMAN! NO, NOT EVEN HIM!



THEN BRING HIM TO US! BRING HIM TO US!

YES... YES... I WILL TAKE HIM!







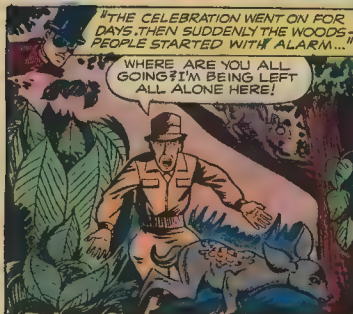


NOW DO YOU SEE, ERNEST? YOU HAVE SAVED US FROM HIM! NOW WE ARE FREE!

YES! WE ARE ALL FREE NOW!

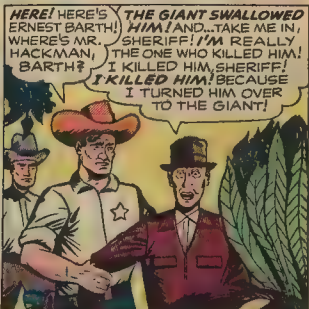


WHEN THE ELFIN GIRL TOUCHED HER LIPS TO ERNEST BARTH'S SHE MADE HIM SEE THE WHOLE WOODS ONCE MORE COME TO LIFE IN JOYOUS SONG...



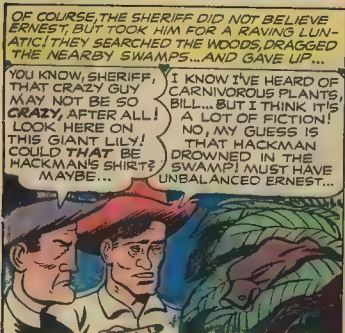
"THE CELEBRATION WENT ON FOR DAYS, THEN SUDDENLY THE WOODS... PEOPLE STARTED WITH ALARM..."

WHERE ARE YOU ALL GOING? I'M BEING LEFT ALL ALONE HERE!



HERE! HERE'S ERNEST BARTH! WHERE'S MR. HACKMAN, BARTH?

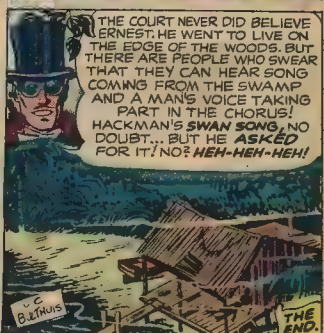
THE GIANT SWALLOWED HIM! AND... TAKE ME IN, SHERIFF! I'M REALLY THE ONE WHO KILLED HIM! I KILLED HIM, SHERIFF! I KILLED HIM! BECAUSE I TURNED HIM OVER TO THE GIANT!



OF COURSE, THE SHERIFF DID NOT BELIEVE ERNEST, BUT TOOK HIM FOR A RAVING LUNATIC! THEY SEARCHED THE WOODS, DRAGGED THE NEARBY SWAMPS... AND GAVE UP...

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, THAT CRAZY GUY MAY NOT BE SO CRAZY, AFTER ALL! LOOK HERE ON THIS GIANT LILY! COULD THAT BE HACKMAN'S SHIRT? MAYBE...

I KNOW I'VE HEARD OF CARNIVOROUS PLANTS, BILL... BUT I THINK IT'S A LOT OF FICTION! NO, MY GUESS IS THAT HACKMAN DROWNED IN THE SWAMP! MUST HAVE UNBALANCED ERNEST...



THE COURT NEVER DID BELIEVE ERNEST. HE WENT TO LIVE ON THE EDGE OF THE WOODS. BUT THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO SWEAR THAT THEY CAN HEAR SONG COMING FROM THE SWAMP AND A MAN'S VOICE TAKING PART IN THE CHORUS! HACKMAN'S SWAN SONG, NO DOUBT... BUT HE ASKED FOR IT! NO? HEH-HEH-HEH!

W.C. BATHURST

THE END.

1
JIU-
JITSU

2 WRESTLING

3

BOXING

**No matter how big he is
or how small you are!**

Now! Discover from experts this quick way to defend yourself—anywhere—anytime!

HERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one triple-action package. This new fast-moving 3-power system will make you tough to conquer, or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

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Never again cringe or shy away from a bully. Imagine the wonderful thrill of confidence to know that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect others will have for you, the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough and ready scrapping, deadly-efficient he-man you can be.

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RUSH COUPON TODAY!

WHAT'S IN A NAME

JOHAN LANG clutched the brown envelope close to him as he walked toward the bank. This was the key to his future. The \$50,000 in brand new green bills. No longer would he have to take guff from his boss or from Lanni Rote, his gold digging girl friend. They both treated him like dirt . . . and just because he was nothing but a messenger for the United Bonding Company. Sure, they trusted him with their money, who wouldn't? John Lang was afraid of his own shadow . . . he wouldn't hurt a fly.

But the worm had changed! John had laid his plans well. To take the \$50,000 that was meant to be the payroll for the Manhattan Fixture Company and deposit it under an assumed name in his own account. Then give himself up and let them guess where the money was. Sure, they'd send him away for five years, but what was that? A man could wait a lifetime for cash like fifty grand!

He walked into the bank and quickly went to an idle cashier. No sense in wasting time.

"I'd like to deposit this." He shoved the bundle of green at the bored teller.

"Under what name?"

He had forgotten about that. It would be easy for them to check up on his name. Better pick an alias. But one that he couldn't forget over five years. Hmmm, let's see . . .

"Make it Napoleon Bonapart, III."

The teller shrugged. These rich guys are always doing something nutty. It didn't make any difference to him.

It worked. Even better than he had planned. Instead of sending him to prison he was going to an institute for the unbalanced. The lawyer the state had assigned had seen to that. Smart young kid just out of law

school had pulled all the stops. It would be easier that way . . . he had heard about those jails, it wouldn't be a picnic with those criminals. After all, he really wasn't a criminal . . . he was just getting even for all the abuse he had to take all these years.

John Lang sat in the barren white room and grinned to himself. This was going to be a cinch. It would be easy sitting out the time here. Why, he might even be able to get off early. Especially since he wasn't classified as "dangerous". Why, he had the run of the place . . . everybody trusted him. Yup, this was going to be a real good deal!

The young State Attorney sat across from Lang in the reception room. It had been six months since he had been committed and he was getting impatient. It was okay in the asylum . . . if you liked nuts. But it wasn't the place for a normal man like John Lang.

"Look, Mr. Morse, you did me a real turn by getting me committed here and I want to pay you off. But the only way I can do that is to get out. And you gotta fix it for me. What do you say?"

"I'd like to help you, Lang, but I'm afraid that's not the answer. You see, if you get out of here too soon the authorities will only have you put right back in jail. That's the law!"

"Oh, gee and I thought everything was gonna be okay."

"One more thing, Lang. I overheard the medics talking out in the hall before I came in. They were talking about you. Seem to think you're as sane as I am. They're gonna open up your case again and have a reinvestigation. So if I were you I'd start acting up . . . wouldn't want anything to happen to your

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plans. You'd better stay here for another year and a half before applying for a discharge . . . no sense in arousing any suspicions."

"Thanks, Mr. Morse, I'll take your advice. And don't worry about a thing. I'm gonna take care of you as soon as I get out of this rat-trap."

Back in his room John Lang thought over the lawyer's advice. So they were getting suspicious, were they. Well he'd show them how crazy he really was . . . he'd put on an act that would knock their eyes out.

The attendant came into the room with the bucket of paint and the window shade. Lang's eyes lit up crazily when he saw the material. He got off the bed on which he was laying and took the paint brush from the skeptical attendant. He caressed the soft hair like a man would caress a woman's hair.

"What do you want this stuff for, Lang? Up to now all you've done around here is read the paper."

"Well, it's the bad air you have in this room that makes me so lazy. So, you know what I'm gonna do?"

The attendant played along. "No, what are you gonna do?"

"I'm gonna take this paint and paint another window on that wall over there. That way I'll have cross-ventilation in the room. And would you mind bringing me some curtains tomorrow? I want it to be real home-like."

The attendant stared in disbelief at the vacant wall and then back to the dazed look on Lang's face. He shrugged, put the bucket of paint down, and walked out of the room.

Out in the corridor he met another attendant carrying a set of radio headsets.

"I always knew that Lang was off his rocker, Charley. He had me get him a bucket of paint so he could make another window in his room. How do you like that?"

"Think that's bad? He wants these headsets because he claims he can hear music coming from the radiator. Needs these to get the station in clearer!"

Lang's scheme worked, for the doctors gave him another exam and pronounced him insane. But he was smart enough to have them put down "Temporarily" on his records . . . yes sir, John Lang thought of everything.

The months passed quickly and finally the day came when John Lang was given his freedom. He got himself a room in a hotel and then headed downtown toward the bank. The bank that had kept his \$50,000 for him while he was "on vacation". But John Lang didn't notice the two men who were trailing him from the time he left the asylum . . . two men who hadn't the faintest idea of where he was going or what he was doing.

* * *

The crowd assembled quickly as the men brought the struggling figure of John Lang out of the bank. With experienced hands they laced him into a straight-jacket. He twisted and squirmed, but he had no choice but to go where the men were taking him . . . to a car parked by the curb.

"But I tell you you're making a mistake! There's nothing wrong with me! I'm perfectly normal!"

"Sure, sure, John. We know . . . don't worry though, everything's gonna be okay."

"Better take it easy, John . . . we're taking you back to the asylum. You'll be better off there."

The crowd broke up as the car pulled away from the curb. The bank teller stood on the steps talking to the guard as they watched the tail-lights fade off in the distance.

"Funny how it happened. These fellas signalled to me over his shoulder that he was off his rocker, and what does he do, but come up and ask me for \$50,000 deposited under the name of *Napoleon Bonapart III*?"

"Yeah, and I was just reading an article about how many people are walking the streets that ought to be in the nut house!"

The bank doors closed behind the two men as they shrugged their shoulders and went back to work.

the **MAN WHO BEAT THE CHAIR!**



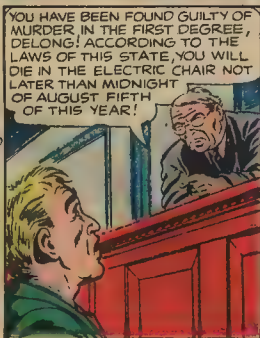
THEY CALLED IT AN IDLE BOAST WHEN **WARREN "FINGERS" DELONG** VOWED THAT HE'D NEVER GO TO THE CHAIR...YET, A MONTH LATER, A NATION-WIDE MAN-HUNT WAS ON FOR THE TRIGGER-HAPPY KILLER! ROAD-BLOCKS FAILED AND POSSES RETURNED EMPTY-HANDED... BUT DEATH WAS ALWAYS NEAR, EVEN WHEN THE POLICE WERE FAR AWAY!



I BEAT THE CHAIR **ONCE...**
I'LL DO IT **AGAIN!** COME
ON, COPPERS...**COME
AND GET ME!**

THIS ISN'T THE **LAW,**
FINGERS! YOU SQUEALED
FOR THE **LAST TIME!**

**"WARREN
DELONG
WAS
SENTENCED
ON
JUNE 24,
1946.
FOR THE
COLD-
BLOODED
MURDER
OF
AN UN-
ARMED
MAN!"**



YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF
MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE,
DELONG! ACCORDING TO THE
LAWS OF THIS STATE, YOU WILL
DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR NOT
LATER THAN MIDNIGHT
OF AUGUST FIFTH
OF THIS YEAR!

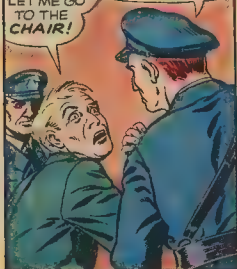


NOT THE CHAIR,
JUDGE...**NOT THE
CHAIR!** PLEASE...
I CAN'T TAKE
THE CHAIR!

COME ON, TOUGH GUY...
YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT
OF THIS WHEN YOU
KILLED THAT GUY IN
THE GAS STATION!

GUARD, LISTEN A MINUTE... YOU GOTTA HELP ME! YUH CAN'T LET ME GO TO THE CHAIR!

I WOULDN'T HELP YOU IF I COULD, DELONG! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A YELLOW RAT!



I WON'T GO TO THE CHAIR! I'LL GET OUT OF HERE IF I HAVE TO KILL EVERYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY!

MAKE ONE MOVE TO- WARD ME, DELONG, AND YOU'LL BE SORRY! YOU'RE CRAZY!



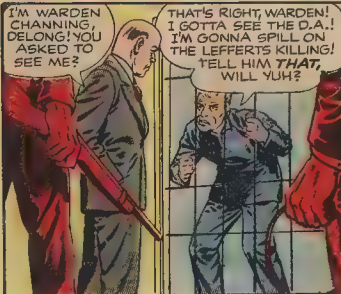
"HIS CASE SEEMED HOPE- LESS... BUT DELONG NEVER GAVE UP! THE DEATH HOUSE WAS ESCAPE- PROOF... YET DELONG STILL DREAMED OF BEATING THE CHAIR!"

IF I COULD ONLY MAKE A BREAK... I'D TAKE A CHANCE ON GETTING PLUGGED... BUT I WON'T GO TO THE CHAIR!



I'M WARDEN CHANNING, DELONG! YOU ASKED TO SEE ME?

THAT'S RIGHT, WARDEN! I GOTTA SEE THE D.A.! I'M GONNA SPILL ON THE LEFFERTS KILLING! TELL HIM *THAT*, WILL YUH?



DISTRICT ATTORNEY BORDEN ARRIVED, ANXIOUS TO CLEAR UP THE UNSOLVED MURDER OF J.O. LEFFERTS...

IF I SPILL ON WHO KILLED LEFFERTS... WHAT HAPPENS? WILL I GET A REPRIEVE?

IF I FIND YOUR TESTI- MONY VALID AND WE CAPTURE THE KILLER BEFORE YOUR EXECUTION, WE WOULD HAVE TO *POSTPONE* IT!



NICK PAULEY RUBBED HIM OUT! I SAW IT AND I KNOW WHERE HE STASHED THE GUN! I CAN TELL YOU WHERE HE IS *RIGHT NOW!*

IF WE FIND OUT THAT TO BE TRUE, DELONG, YOUR EXECU- TION WILL BE STAYED UNTIL AFTER PAULEY'S TRIAL!

"ACTING ON FINGERS DELONG'S TIP NICK PAULEY WAS CAPTURED ON AUGUST 2, 1946, JUST IN TIME TO SAVE DELONG FROM THE DEATH HE SO RICHLY DESERVED."



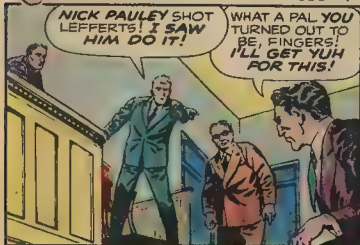
BULLS! WHO PUT THE HEAT ON ME?

FINGERS DELONG NAMED YOU AS THE MURDERER OF J.O. LEFFERTS... AND YOU'LL *FRY* FOR IT!





"THE TRIAL OF NICK PAULEY WAS SET FOR SEPTEMBER 12, 1946. THE STAR WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION WAS WARREN DELONG, ALREADY LIVING ON BORROWED TIME WHEN THE TRIAL BEGAN!"

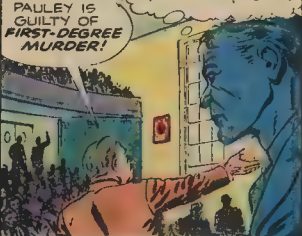


NICK PAULEY SHOT LEFFERTS! I SAW HIM DO IT!

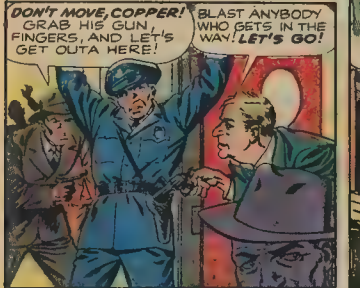
WHAT A PAL YOU TURNED OUT TO BE, FINGERS! I'LL GET YUH FOR THIS!

WITH DELONG'S TESTIMONY THE STATE WILL SHOW BEYOND A DOUBT THAT PAULEY IS GUILTY OF FIRST-DEGREE MURDER!

THERE THEY ARE! THE BOYS CAME THROUGH! THIS IS THE REASON I SQUEALED ON PAULEY!



FINGERS DELONG WAITED HIS CHANCE... AND IT CAME WHEN THE COURT RECESSED FOR LUNCH...



DON'T MOVE, COPPER! GRAB HIS GUN, FINGERS, AND LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

BLAST ANYBODY WHO GETS IN THE WAY! LET'S GO!

IN THE MOST DARING ESCAPE IN RECENT CRIMINAL HISTORY, WARREN DELONG SHOT HIS WAY TO FREEDOM!

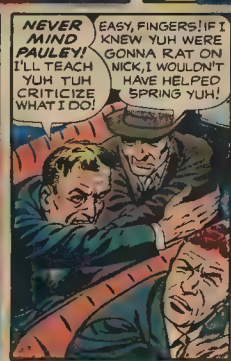


I TOLD YUH I'D BEAT THE CHAIR!

COME ON, FINGERS... LET'S ROLL!

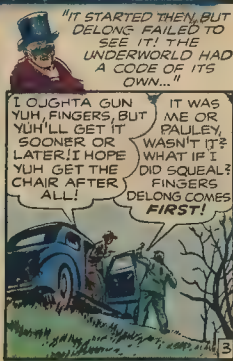


WELL, WE MADE IT! WHAT'S THE MATTER, SAL, YUH NERVOUS? IF I WAS NERVOUS, WOULD I BE HERE? I WAS JUST WONDERIN' ABOUT NICK PAULEY... I THOUGHT YUH WERE A FRIEND OF HIS!



NEVER MIND PAULEY! I'LL TEACH YUH TUH CRITICIZE WHAT I DO!

EASY, FINGERS! IF I KNEW YUH WERE GONNA RAT ON NICK, I WOULDN'T HAVE HELPED SPRING YUH!



"IT STARTED THEN, BUT DELONG FAILED TO SEE IT! THE UNDERWORLD HAD A CODE OF ITS OWN..."

I OUGHTA GUN YUH, FINGERS, BUT YUH'LL GET IT SOONER OR LATER! I HOPE YUH GET THE CHAIR AFTER ALL!

IT WAS ME OR PAULEY, WASN'T IT? WHAT IF I DID SQUEAL? FINGERS DELONG COMES FIRST!



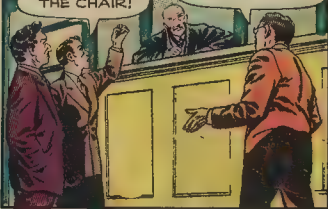
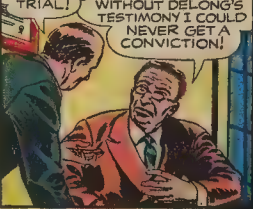
"THE MAN-HUNT WAS ON... WITH THE PRESS WRITING SCATHING ARTICLES ON THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND THE POLICE WHO HAD LET A KILLER LOOSE..."

THEY'RE AFTER OUR HIDE, BORDEN! I WISH WE HAD NEVER PUT PAULEY ON TRIAL!

I HAD NO CHOICE, CHIEF! THE PAPERS WILL BE WORSE WHEN I RELEASE PAULEY FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE! WITHOUT DELONG'S TESTIMONY I COULD NEVER GET A CONVICTION!

I REQUEST MY CLIENT'S RELEASE BECAUSE OF LACK OF EVIDENCE! DELONG USED NICK PAULEY AS A MEANS OF ESCAPING THE CHAIR!

THE STATE HAS NO CASE, YOUR HONOR! WITHOUT DELONG WE CAN NOT PROVE PAULEY GUILTY!



MEANWHILE, FINGERS DELONG WAS FINDING HIS FREEDOM A DOUBTFUL LUXURY! THE USUAL HIDEOUTS OF CRIMINALS WERE CLOSED TO THE SQUEALER...

SCRAM, FINGERS! I OUGHTA GUN YUH! WE DON'T LIKE SQUEALERS HERE!

WHERE CAN I GO? THE COPS ARE AFTER ME AND NOW MY OWN PALS ARE AGAINST ME!



THE HARRIED KILLER FOUND SAFETY NOWHERE... THE POLICE WERE RELENTLESS... BUT IT WAS THE UNDERWORLD FINGERS FEARED THE MOST! TWO DAYS LATER, IN A STOLEN CAR...



THEY'RE OUT TUH GET ME... ALL OF 'EM! IT'S NOT JUST ONE GUY EITHER... ALL THE BOYS ARE IN ON IT!

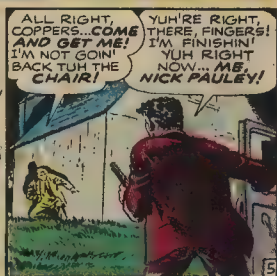
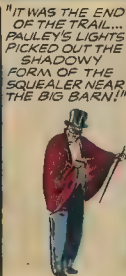
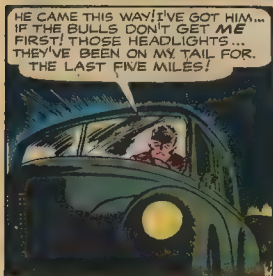
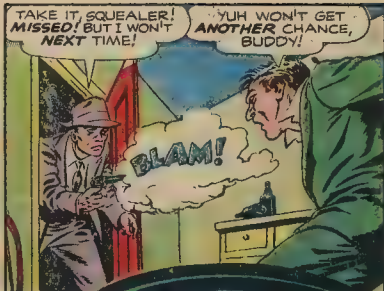
DELONG WAS RIGHT! THE ENTIRE UNDERWORLD IN THE MIDDLE WEST WAS ON HIS TRAIL!!



GET DELONG AND YOU'LL BE IN THE CHIPS! I DON'T WANT HIM ALIVE... JUST DELIVER THE BODY AND GET THE PAY-OFF!

I'D DO IT FOR **NOTHIN', BOSS!** BUT FOR DOUGH LIKE THAT I'LL DO IT **QUICKER!**

FINGERS DELONG FOUND THAT THE POLICE WERE THE LEAST OF HIS PROBLEMS!



GUNS ROARED BUT BEFORE THEY COULD ROAR AGAIN THE POLICE ENTERED THE PICTURE...

DROP IT, PAULEY! WE'VE GOT YOU TRAPPED!

NOT BEFORE I FINISH THIS RAT!



DON'T LET THAT RAT GET AWAY, COPPERS!

WE WON'T! DON'T KILL DELONG, BOYS... WE NEED HIM!



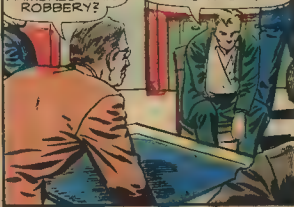
THAT DID IT, ED! OKAY, BOYS, TAKE HIM!

MY HAND! ALL RIGHT, COPPERS, YUH GOT ME! WHY COULDN'T YUH KILL ME...I DON'T WANT THE CHAIR!

"BUT WARREN DELONG DIDN'T GET THE CHAIR! HIS EAGERNESS TO TALK RESULTED IN A ROUND-UP OF CRIMINALS UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME!"

REMEMBER, DELONG, YOU'LL GET THE CHAIR IF YOU'RE NOT TELLING THE TRUTH! WHO WAS IN ON THAT ARMORED CAR ROBBERY?

THAT WAS LORITO'S MOB! RED HEFFERS, ZERO LAVERNE AND CHARLEY WELLS PULLED IT! WHAT ELSE DO YUH WANT TO KNOW?



THANKS FOR GETTIN' ME OFF THE HOT SEAT, BORDEN!

DON'T THANK ME, DELONG! YOUR INFORMATION HELPED US CLEAN OUT THE MIDWEST! BUT YOU STILL HAVE TO SERVE A LIFE SENTENCE! YOU'LL WISH FOR THE CHAIR BEFORE LONG!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY BORDEN WAS RIGHT...DELONG LIVED A LIFE OF CONSTANT ABUSE AND FEAR!

"YES, WARREN DELONG HAD HIS LIFE...BUT WAS IT WORTH IT? WHAT WILL BE THE END OF THE MAN WHO BEAT THE CHAIR?"

YOU PUT ME HERE, DELONG!

YUH'D BE BETTER OFF DEAD THAN YUH WILL BE IN HERE!

LET ME ALONE!



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MAIL COUPON NOW

AL CRAIG LOOKED UP STARTLED IN HIS STUDY AND FROWNED AT JOAN ARLINGTON ENTERING... BREAKING THE SPELL. JOAN PURSED HER LIPS, HOLDING HER TEARS IN CHECK. THIS WAS NO TIME TO CAUSE A SCENE! HEH-HEH! IF SHE ONLY HAD! ON THIS ...

The WEDDING EVE!



AL CRAIG, THE YOUNG ASSISTANT PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY, WAS AN ATTRACTIVE NORMAL PERSON, WITH A HOBBY: THE STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCES. BUT WAS IT JUST A HOBBY?



LISTEN...



AL, DO YOU REALIZE ...

YOU'VE SPOILED IT, JOAN! I... I ALMOST HAD IT!



IT'S THE EVE OF OUR WEDDING DAY, AL, AND YOU LOSE YOURSELF IN THESE STUDIES! TRYING TO SEE THE PAST... TO PROBE THE FUTURE! AL, YOU FORGOT...



YES, I FORGOT THE REHEARSAL OF OUR WEDDING AT THE CHAPEL!

DARLING! IT WAS SO THOUGHTLESS OF ME! COME, WE WILL GO AT ONCE! HAVE YOU WAITED LONG?

THE PASTOR HAS BEEN AT THE CHAPEL FOR OVER HALF AN HOUR!



IT WAS REHEARSAL FOR THE MORROW, AN OUTLINE OF THINGS TO COME...

WHY CAN'T THIS BE IT? WHY MUST WE WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW? THEN I COULD BE SURE... THEN NOTHING COULD PREVENT...



BUT AL DID NOT EXPRESS HIMSELF. AFTER THE REHEARSAL HE LEFT JOAN AT HER HOME, THE RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR ARLINGTON, HEAD OF AL'S DEPARTMENT...

PLEASE, DARLING, GO HOME NOW. DON'T RETURN TO YOUR STUDY, AL... DO YOU KNOW I BELIEVE I'M... JEALOUS OF YOUR BOOKS!

DON'T BE, DEAR!



BUT THEY'VE SEEMED TO-SWALLOW YOU! I'M AFRAID OF THEM! LIKE... ALMOST MISSING THE REHEARSAL!

I PROMISE TO REFORM. NOW KISS ME GOOD NIGHT AND I'LL GO HOME TO BED... TO DREAM OF YOU!

IT WAS AL'S SOLEMN INTENT TO GO STRAIGHT HOME. BUT AS HE CROSSED THE CAMPUS...

WHY, THERE'S A LIGHT IN MY STUDY! I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO TURN IT OFF WHEN WE LEFT!



YES, I DID LEAVE IT LIT. BUT... THAT STRANGE ODOR... LIKE INCENSE BURNING!



PERHAPS I LEFT MY PIPE - NO, IT'S NOT BURNING!



AFTER A WHILE AL CRAIG DID NOT NOTICE THE ODOR. HE MAY HAVE GROWN USED TO IT.

I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW TIRED I AM. I'LL GO ON HOME TO... UH...



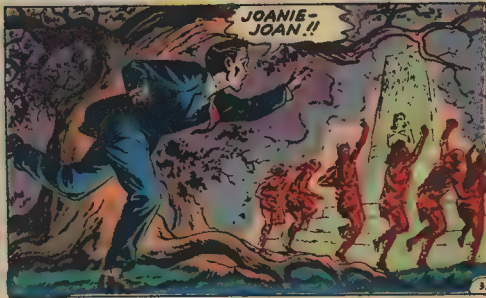
AH-EEF. AH-AIIYY!

THAT SOUND! IT'S THE SOUND I HEARD BEFORE JOAN ARRIVED! AND IT'S COMING FROM...



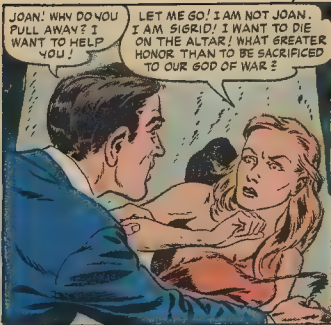


THE DOOR CLOSED AND THEN THERE WAS NO DOOR. ONLY A GREAT FOREST OF OAKS AND THE CHANT IN THE DISTANCE..





THEY WON'T GET YOU!
THEY WON'T GET YOU!



JOAN! WHY DO YOU
PULL AWAY? I
WANT TO HELP
YOU!

LET ME GO! I AM NOT JOAN.
I AM SIGRID! I WANT TO DIE
ON THE ALTAR! WHAT GREATER
HONOR THAN TO BE SACRIFICED
TO OUR GOD OF WAR?

IN HIS FRENZY
TO FREE JOAN,
AL CRAIG
SCARCELY
REALIZED
THAT THOUGH
HE WAS IN
THE MIDST OF
A STRANGE
CIVILIZATION,
THEIR LANGUAGE
WAS UNDER-
STANDABLE
TO HIM—WHEN
GARTHIM, CHIEF
OF THE WARRIORS,
SPRANG FOR-
WARD...

DOG OF A DOG!
YOU WILL DIE A
THOUSAND TER-
RIBLE DEATHS
FOR THIS!

AL CRAIG WAS NOT A FIGHTING
MAN. HE WAS, BY NATURE, A MAN
OF MEDITATION AND REFLECTION.
A QUIET MAN, WHO LOVED HIS
PIPE—A COMFORT TO HIM IN
TIMES OF STRESS...

LOOK! A FIRE MAKER! ONE
WHO EATS THE FIRE HE MAKES!
THE GOD OF WAR
—IS HERE!

GIVE US YOUR BLESSING! SURE
O HURTH, MAKER OF GO ON
FIRE! GOD OF TO YOUR
WAR! WAR, FIGHT
YOUR BATTLES!



AND SOON...

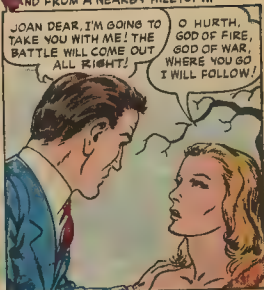
IF I GO ALONG WITH THEM,
I MAY GET OUT OF THIS
MESS AND BACK TO
WHERE I CAME
FROM!

FOR TWO DAYS THE BATTLE RAGED...



I'VE GOT TO GET HER
OUT OF HERE SOME
WAY! GOT TO GET
HER... HOME!

AND FROM A NEARBY HILLTOP...



JOAN DEAR, I'M GOING TO
TAKE YOU WITH ME! THE
BATTLE WILL COME OUT
ALL RIGHT!

O HURTH,
GOD OF FIRE,
GOD OF WAR,
WHERE YOU GO
I WILL FOLLOW!

NOW, IF I CAN ONLY FIND
THAT DOOR! WAIT! I
THINK I SEE IT!



SUDDENLY, A GREAT CRY
AROSE ON THE BATTLEFIELD...



HURTH HAS FORSAKEN US!
WE ARE DOOMED! RUN FOR
THE FOREST!

AND JUST AS AL HAD ALMOST
REACHED THE DOOR THROUGH
WHICH HE HAD COME...



THERE HE IS! THE FALSE
GOD! HE IS NOT HURTH.
HE IS A FALSE GOD!

A FALSE
GOD?

IF I CAN ONLY...
WHY DOESN'T
THIS DOOR
OPEN?!

LET ME GO! LET ME
GO AS SACRIFICE
TO THE REAL
HURTH!!



MADE IT...
JH... NO!
JOAN!!



AL CRAIG'S
BRAIN
POUNDED,
HIS BODY
ACHED.
AND HIS
VOICE
CALLED
OUT IN
ANGUISH...



JOAN! JOAN! I'VE LOST
HER FOREVER! JOAN!
OH, JOAN!



A DREAM! THANK HEAVENS!
SO REAL - I COULD SWEAR
IT REALLY... UH...



IT CAN'T BE...
IT CAN'T BE...

EEEEEEEE!



JOAN! WHAT IS IT?
-SHE'S Fainted!

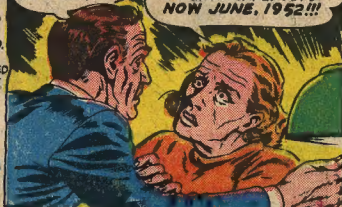


AS HE
PLACED
JOAN
IN THE
CHAIR,
SHE
MOVED
AND
SIGHED.
HE
SWITCHED
ON THE
DESK
LIGHT,
AND...



JOAN, FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE! WHAT'S HAPPENED
IN THESE FEW SHORT
HOURS SINCE I
LEFT YOU?

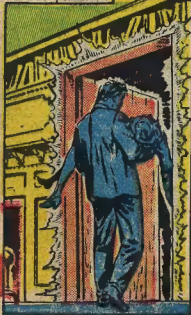
SHORT HOURS! ARE YOU
MAD? OR DO YOU WANT
TO TORTURE ME MORE?
IT WAS JUNE, 1922 WHEN
YOU DISAPPEARED! IT'S
NOW JUNE, 1952!!!



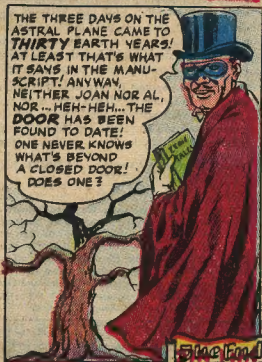
YOU-
OH!
NO! NO!
JOAN!



JOAN DIED IN AL'S ARMS.
AL WROTE OUT THE WHOLE
STORY, THEN...



THE THREE DAYS ON THE
ASTRAL PLANE CAME TO
THIRTY EARTH YEARS!
AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT
IT SAYS IN THE MANU-
SCRIPT. ANYWAY,
NEITHER JOAN NOR AL,
NOR... HEH-HEH... THE
DOOR HAS BEEN
FOUND TO DATE!
ONE NEVER KNOWS
WHAT'S BEYOND
A CLOSED DOOR!
DOES ONE?



Fin

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difference!**

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and 2 1/2" ex-
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raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID
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—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a
day—in your own home—is all the
time I ask of you! And there's no cost if
I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen
your back, develop your whole muscular
system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE!** I can add
inches to your chest, give you a vice-like
grip, make those legs of yours lithe and
powerful. I can shoot new strength into
your old backbone, exercise those inner or-
gans, help you cram your body so full of
pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you
won't feel there's even "standing room"
left for weakness and that lazy feeling!
Before I get through with you I'll have your
whole frame "measured" to a nice, new
beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The iden-
tical natural method that I myself developed to
change my body from the scrawny, skinny-cheeked
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physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming
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